

YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED,

BY

EUGENIUS.

VOL. IV.

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

YORICK,

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

THE NARRATION.

"WHEN my mistress found the Count had defrauded her of the ruffles, she flew into a violent passion, upon all exotick noblemen, except the English, whom she allowed to be generous, honest, and just. "Well, said she, you shall to-morrow morning wait upon Lord Spindle; he pays like a prince." A flood of tears prevented my answer for the present; but when I recovered myself, I told her I saw my doom; that I had already been ravished.

"*J'en suis ravie,*" said she.

"But for nothing," said I.

"*C'est dommage.*"

"And perhaps I shall never recover my character again, as long as I live."

"At this she fell into a violent laugh, and told me, a woman's character was always well established, in proportion to the number of conquests she had made, and the number of gallants she had duped; that, for her part, she had considered the whole male-sex as her prey, and their fortunes as her property; and that if some of them had slipped through her hands, she had made sufficient amends to herself by those who had fallen into her power; that in these matters we were to take the good with the bad; as in all affairs of commerce: and though the Count had broke in my debt, she did not doubt but Lord Spindle would make me ample amends for my loss, as the circumstance of the Rape was quite in my favour.

"Est-il possible qu'on puisse être ravié si avantageusement?"

"Oui, sans doute, il y a des coups à faire dans toutes occasions."

CANTHARIDES.

• **THIS** was a doctrine I could not comprehend. It was a new-fangled logick, that seemed repugnant to common sense."

"I see, continued she, you do not understand me; but if you will step into my dressing-room while I put on a little rouge, I will explain the mystery."

"You must know," said she, as we were going up stairs, "that Lord Spindle has for some time taken Cantharides; and that they have now lost all their effect. Now, said she, if you had not been previously ravished——" opening the door of

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

"**I** SAY, if this rape had not taken place, what would have been the consequence?—Probably you would still have been in a vestal state.—I only say *probably*, because I would not desire to pry into any young woman's secrets: and then, considering that Lord Spindle

"is entirely emaciated, he could not possibly have taken so much pains as a virgin's coyness would have required; "no, nor —" (here she was interrupted by the entrance of the maid, to whom this part of her dress was an impenetrable secret) — "but as it has so luckily happened, your fortune will in all likelihood be made, if he does not die before he has —" (another interruption) "made you a handsome settlement."

"An *intail*, said I, you certainly meant."

"Doubtless."

"*Voilà des coups certainement.*"

"*Oui*, said she, *certainement.*"

DOWN AGAIN.

THESE secrets being thus communicated in private, and the *rouge*, with a little *blanc* (but that is a greater secret than all the rest, which I should not have divulged), duly administered, we returned into the parlour.

The ups and downs in life, she told me, as we descended, were so numerous in our profession, that a woman of sense

should always pay the greatest attention to them; but that she was in hopes if I succeeded with Lord Spindle, my fortune would be made with very few of them.

THE BON MOT.

A Frenchwoman, let her be of what rank she may, never omits any opportunity of saying a *double entendre*, and as the occasion was so very favourable, it was not in the least surprising, that this lady should thus display her genius.

A *Bon Mot* is literally a *good word*; with us it is a *good thing*; and, to say the truth, a good word and a good thing, often, with the French ladies, centre in the same point. This is no quaint conceit—I have known a *Figurante*, at the *Opera Comique*, make four conquests with only *mon****—Here she lost a star, it is true, by the language; but four stars were the object, as they were every one chevaliers of the Holy Ghost.

I could expatiate a whole volume away on the shame attending knights of such an order being the knights-errant of a

figure-dancer, as arrant a ***** as ever wore petticoat.

But I scorn to be invidious against Knights— even of the Post—or the Ladies, let their profession be what it will.

“The ladies are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Yorick; but what have you done with Lord Spindle?”—

“Oh! here he comes *in propria persona*.”

LORD SPINDLE.

WHO knew not Lord Spindle? But if the reader should be so ignorant, I will give a short, very short history of him.

His Lordship was descended from an ancient family in the North of England, who possessed a very ample fortune. His uncle dying without heirs, whilst he was a minor, he succeeded to the title and estate, upon attaining the age of twenty-one. He had been previously his own master three years, having no one to control him but a Tutor, who accompanied him in his travels in the tour of Europe; but who, instead of curbing any

vicious or irregular inclinations in his pupil, constantly promoted them, as he had thereby an opportunity of indulging his own natural turn for debauchery; and moreover, found his account in the encouragement of these irregularities, not only by sharing the profits of all the extravagant charges of the tradespeople he employed, but by actually dividing the spoils with his Lordship's mistresses.

Such a culture could not fail of producing all the fruits of licentiousness and debauchery. When his Lordship came of age, he found he had already run upwards of an hundred thousand pounds in debt; and the first step he was obliged to take, was to mortgage his estate for the like sum.

His Tutor, who by this time was transformed into his bottle-companion, and nominal as well as real pander, advised him to marry, and thereby repair the injury he had done to his fortune. An opportunity soon offered; A city-heiress was to be disposed of, and bartered for a title and a noble connexion. A drysalter's daughter, with two hundred thousand

pounds, had charms sufficient for Lord Spindle. The treaty was made, the match settled, and the consummation took place in less than three months.

His Lordship had, soon after, reason to find, that all the injury he had done by his debaucheries, was not confined to his fortune, but that his constitution had more than proportionably been impaired. In a word, his physicians advised him to take a journey to Montpellier, as the only means left of recovery.

Dare we pretend to inquire how it fared with Lady Spindle? She returned home to her father, two hundred thousand pounds worse in pocket, and almost as many millions in constitution. A divorce soon after took place, — and his Lordship recovered; — but not without some incisions and amputations, which made him all his life curse Italian concubines.

His *honest* tutor still attended him, and consoled him with all the rhetorick he was master of. He had adopted the system of predestination, though he had never taught it before, finding it the best suited to his present doctrine. He told his Lord-

ship, that every man was born to have a certain number of p—s, as every woman was to have a certain number of children; and that therefore, the sooner they got them over, the better.

Lord Spindle could not be accused of any great depth of understanding, or any great shrewdness in discovering the right or the wrong side of an argument. — A little sophistry passed upon him for profound logic; and when he heard it dogmatically pronounced from his tutor, he could not pretend to dispute the justness of the premises; so that the following syllogism made his Lordship resume all his debaucheries, as far as he was able, in their greatest latitude.

Major. Every man is born to catch a certain number of p—s:

Minor. Your Lordship has had more than any man of your years:

Ergo. You have the fewer to come in.

When a man sins with reason on his side, how sweet are the peccadilloes! His Lordship hardly wanted so much sophistry to urge him to the charge; but he stood in need of many provocatives to enable him to be as wicked as he desired.

Pedagogus (for so I shall call this pander tutor) had skimmed the surface of most sciences; and having in his youth been almost as abandoned as his late pupil and present master, had dipped into physick, at least that part of it which may be called *Venereal*. He had learned how to promote as well as cure all the diseases which attend the votaries of the Cyprian goddess:—he had formerly, and perhaps did still administer the first to himself;—he now at least administered them to his Lordship.

THE COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN AND THE TURTLE.

THE Sensualist does not often consider, how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health; and an alderman who swallows three pounds of callipash and callipee, seldom attends to the fatal effects of six ounces of Cayenne pepper, which are administered in the dose. The nostrum, it is true, once saved a Common-council-man from being a cuckold, and therefore is not without its virtues.

Mr. Skate had been married ten years; — he was a man of the world — understood commerce — and upon 'Change was by every one styled a *good man*. Mrs. Skate here differed in opinion. She had brought him five thousand pounds (which indeed he had improved to thirty thousand), and she judged herself entitled to some attention. Mr. Skate, being a money-getting man, frequently attended clubs, went to bed late, and rose early. — — "Less money, and more love," was her constant expression. "Stay, my dear, 'till I make it a *plum*; then I will retire, and shall have nothing to do but 'love you.'" — — "Ay but, she would say, 'then you will be too old; and what 'signify riches, or any thing else, if one 'can't enjoy it?'" This was good logick; almost as good as Pedagogus's, for a Common-council-man's wife.

Things were going on at this rate, and every vocation and avocation constantly attended to, and punctually fulfilled by Mr. Skate — except one — — when Mrs. Skate, after consulting the doctor respecting some doubts concerning adultery, had

made an appointment with him for the next morning at ten, whilst Mr. Skate was at the Custom-house, to convince the doctor that he had convinced her. But luckily for Mr. Skate's honour, and more luckily for Mrs. Skate's virtue, he assisted that day at a turtle-feast at the King's arms.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

I HAVE set apart a chapter for this very great Consequence, as it is of the utmost importance to the Common-councilmen of every ward within the walls, not forgetting Portsoken and Candlewick, who has a wife troubled with scruples of conscience, without being a Methodist. In that case, they are so speedily removed, there is not the least danger.

"Mr. Skate assisted at a turtle-feast at the King's-arms."

That is my text, and I doubt not but the discourse will prove equally moral and practicable.

"It is well known, my worthy brethren, that turtle is very salacious food, and when

heightened, improved, or strengthened, which you please, by Cayenne pepper and strong sauces, may warm and invigorate the coldest constitution. When it is also considered, gentlemen of the Common-council, how few of you are enemies to a glass (or two or three) of generous wine, and how much food of such a heating nature promotes the circulation of the bottle, it is not at all astonishing that every convivial assistant should go home cherry-merry, after having been a guest at such a repast.

"This was precisely the case with Mr. Skate: — he had forgot that Bank stock had rose one eighth that day, and he had sold out a thousand the day before; he had forgot the private intelligence he had received from the waiter at Lloyd's, of which he was to make his advantage before it had got into the papers: he had even forgot the report of a ship being lost — upon which he had under-wrote fifteen hundred. The turtle, the Cayenne pepper, and the generous wine, operated so strongly, that his heart was dilated, his

Spirits were exhilarated, and he thought of nothing but Mrs. Skate.

"Mrs. Skate, by two in the morning, began to repent of having made an appointment with the doctor. — "Would Mr. Skate had realized this *plum*, and "I should consider adultery in as heinous "a light as ever!"

"Ten o'clock came, and so did the doctor. — Lord, my dear, you'll oversleep yourself: — do you know what's "o'clock? — 'tis ten, I vow!"

"With these sentiments she fell asleep — yet she dreamt of the doctor; she could think of nothing but his white hand — how soft! — and the neatness of his shirt-plaiting."

"What care I? — Fill about, Mr. Allspice, this is excellent wine."

"Good Heaven! — he is dreaming; he "will certainly forget himself."

"What did you wake me for? — I "dreamt I was worth a plum, and was "as happy as a prince."

"Mr. Skate got up, but did not dress; — he turned again upon his side, and lay till noon."

"The doctor was affronted at the imposition he thought was put on him, and Mrs. Skate always entreats Mr. Skate not to miss a turtle-feast."

THE TUTOR.

HAVING dispatched the Common-council-man, it is time I should attend to Pedagogus, or else, considering the dispositions and pursuits of him and my Lord, they may chance to slip through our fingers to the Elysian shades, before we have quite done with them.

I think we left him administering provocatives to his Lordship, and from thence I derived the conclusion, That the sensualist seldom considers how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health.

It might be conjectured, that, considering the easy luxurious life Pedagogus led, as the bottle-companion of Lord Spindle, and as he was his sole dependence; which might, indeed, have been mentioned before; it was somewhat astonishing he should broach systems, espouse doctrines, and administer remedies, so very pernicious to

his Lordship's tender fabrick: To which I answer in *eleven* words,

"His Lordship had bequeathed him three thousand pounds in his will."

I am the more particular in specifying the number of words contained in this bequest, as the greatest criticks are very apt to overlook these niceties; and I have known even a Reviewer conclude, "*In a word*," and add *a score*. Every part of criticism is worthy of the Scholiast's attention.

MISS LABORDE'S STORY CONCLUDED.

"THE very same Lord Spindle, I can assure you." "I thought I was right in my man; — pray proceed."

"I was introduced to his Lordship by Mr. Pedagogus, who took me by the hand, and looking languishingly at me, gave it a gentle squeeze, saying, "I do not know whether his Lordship will be able to see you to-day. — If he does not want any of your merchandise, I will purchase any thing you have got."

"I said, I was sorry to hear his Lordship was ill, and if I could not see him, I would call another time."

"No, my dear, said he, you may see him — all that is left of him; — — but as to any thing else, I think it would be as cruel as interring a fine blooming girl like yourself with an Egyptian mummy, that had been dead half a dozen centuries, restored to view by the resurrection of antiquarians."

"His Lordship now rang for chocolate, which he drank in bed; and being informed that I was come to wait upon him, he ordered me in. — — Pulling back the curtain, I saw a most ghastly figure, which seemed a better qualified lover for Queen Dido, than a Parisian milliner. He, nevertheless, said some civil things to me, —bought my whole band-box, —and said he would purchase myself, if he were capable. Whereupon he took his purse out of his breeches-pocket, presented me with it, and then — — — — —

————— I shall only add, I was as well qualified to keep in the vestal fire after leaving his Lordship, as I was upon entering his apartment.

"He desired me to call three days after — when he was dead. Pedagogus now made love in form, took this apartment for me, and gave me a decent allowance, till within these ten days, when he was taken up on suspicion of poisoning Lord Spindle, and is now in the *Bicêtre*.

"After this provision ceased, I was obliged to have recourse to other means, which I need not explain, and which have entitled me to a place upon the Commissary's list."

A REFLECTION.

THE reader, I doubt not, expected a very dull, idle story, from the moment he heard of Miss Laborde's whimpering. — I hope he has been greatly disappointed; if not, he may take up the Pilgrim's Progress, or any pathetick novel that has been published within these ten years, and make himself ample amends for the time he has lost in the perusal of these pages.

N. N. If he be a Tutor, I prescribe him an ounce of cantharides.

*VENDREDI-SAINT, or GOOD-
FRIDAY*

THOUGH no man holds the ceremonies of religion in higher veneration than myself, and though I would not for a *Mitre* ridicule the mysteries, even of Popery, in a Romish country; still there are some things so obviously ridiculous in its pageantry and exercise, that one must be almost a stone, not to raise a risible muscle at many of their officials. I have no objection to bowing or kneeling whilst the wafer passes in solemn procession, and have myself soiled a pair of new breeches sooner than (*faire scandale*) give scandal. I have no objection to the tinkling of the little bell, or their beating their breasts at the elevation of the host; and permit the inhabitants of Paris to pay *un petit écu* each, to kneel and kiss a wooden cross *le Vendredi-saint*; but I will not allow a professed *fille de joie* to consider it as inevitable damnation, beyond the power of all the orders of all the priests, the conclave of cardinals, and even the pope

himself, to absolve her for eating the wing of a chicken on that day, and yet not refuse to exercise all the functions of her profession for six livres.

I paid Mademoiselle Laborde a visit on Good-Friday; and being somewhat fatigued upon returning from Versailles, I desired her to send to the *Traiteur's* for a pullet and sallad, as I could not reach my own apartments without some refreshment.

FROGS NEWLY CLASSED.

“COMMENT, Monsieur, mangerez-vous la viande le Vendredi-saint?”

“What, Sir, do you eat meat on Good-Friday?”

“I should have no objection to fish, for that matter, if there were any good; carp and tench I have been already surfeited with this Lent; and as to your *morue*, it can be equalled by nothing but the black broth of the ancients.”

“Mais il y a d'autres espèces de poissons; que pensez-vous des anguilles et des grenouilles?”

"But there are other kinds of fish; what
"think you of eels and frogs?"

"Frogs! ha! ha! ha! Excuse me for
"laughing. — — This is the first time I
"ever heard them classed under the head
"of fish."

"*Comment! la grenouille c'est bien du*
"*poisson, et elle est permise.*"

"How! — Surely frogs are very good
"fish, and they are allowed."

"They may be allowed; but, in this
"case, I should think the penance very
"rigid, if I were compelled to eat them,
"though you were to call them wild-
"fowl. — A frog-feast, to an Englishman,
"is a very severe fast."

The CASE of RELIGIOUS *SCRUPLES.*

THE *Traiteur* was sent for; but he
informed me, he could not possibly serve
the table with flesh to-day, unless I had
a certificate under a physician's hand that
I was ill.

"Look in my face! — Is not my coun-
"tenance a sufficient certificate? — — Be-

"sides, here is a recipe I had yesterday
"from a doctor of the Sorbonne."

The *Traiteur* did not understand Latin,
but was convinced it was right, by being
so very unintelligible.

The dinner was served; Mademoiselle,
however, would not touch a bit. She ex-
pected a visit from her confessor that after-
noon, to prepare her for her Easter; and
he would certainly deny her absolution,
in case she should break her Lent upon so
important a day.

"Pray, Miss, do you reveal every thing
"to your confessor?"

"Every thing, Sir."

"And what would you say, if a good
"customer were to drop in?—You would
"not refuse him?"

"Non, certainement;—*c'est une autre*
"*affaire.*"

"No, certainly;—that's another case."

"Burgundy exhilarates the spirits, after
a hearty meal succeeding exercise. These
causes united, produced a very natural
effect; and as the point in case was *une*
autre affaire—wherefore should I have
more religious scruples than Mademoi-
selle?"

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The case then stood thus :

	Deg.		Deg.
Religion	6	The flesh	7
Reason	4½	Appetite	16
Danger	3	Powers	2½
Conscience	½	Object	53
Character	14	Opportunity	99
	27½		177½
	177½		
	27½		

Alas! alas! 150½ What a balance!

How light are religion, reason, danger, conscience, and even character, when opposed to the flesh, appetite, powers, object, and opportunity!—

Pray, Miss Laborde, draw the curtain; for I am quite ashamed of the conclusion.

Gentle readers, male or female, or both united, how do your pulses beat? Quick, quick, quick,—for G—d's sake, draw the curtain too!

THE BLUSH.

PRAY, courteous reader, did you not perceive me blush in the last chapter? — I reddened all over. — I question whether the *Traiteur* would have taken my word, or even the Latin certificate, for my illness, under such a ruddy complexion; and in this case all the cause would have been prevented: for had not the fowl contained the best of juices, and promoted the drinking of a bottle of excellent Burgundy, — — neither *morue* nor *frogs*, though excellent fish, would have produced the dangerous effect. — Oh! how I still blush at the repetition! my very paper is as red as scarlet, and I can write no more upon the subject.

The RECOVERY of COMPLEXION.

HAVING taken a turn round the room, and perceived my native pallid hue return, I took my hat, and then my leave, as the critical minute of confession ap-

proached; and Miss Laborde had in my opinion an additional peccadillo to disburden her conscience from, though her abstinence was unimpeachable.

THE CONFESSION.

CURIOSITY, what wilt thou not perform? My design was, to have retired directly home, and dress; — but meeting with a lusty Friar upon the stairs, a thought occurred to me — “Surely this man must be framed of different flesh and blood than other mortals, if, when Mademoiselle reveals all her secrets to him, he can have the resolution to withstand such an attack upon the senses.”

I returned, and finding a very convenient aperture in the door, planted myself to observe the fervour of the penitent’s devotion.

How many Ave Maria’s! — how many prayers! how many ejaculations!

Oh! that I had been a friar, a lusty friar! What felicity within the pale of that holy church!

Heaven! What an accident!

I had always an aversion to wooden beds, from their cracking:— they have often disturbed me from the soft slumbers of sweet repose upon the road, where, in spite of the virtue preached on Sunday— But such an accident surely never before happened!— No carpenters will work on *Good-Friday* in Paris,—and the *gros Financier* was to be with Mademoiselle at nine, an hour after confession.

But it is time for me to retire, and leave her to her fate—Notwithstanding the accident— would I had been a friar, a lussy friar!

THE GUINGUETTE.

I WILL frankly acknowledge, that, though I never coveted or envied any man his professions or enjoyments, either corporal or mental, before I could not get the *lussy friar* out of my head; and, had not a friend called upon me to see the humours of the *Guinguette* on Easter Sunday, I verily believe that I might have been mad enough to have changed my religion, to have embraced that order.

Guinguettes are places about the environs of Paris, not unfamiliar to White-conduit-house, Bagnigge-wells, and the like, in the purlieus of London; with this difference, that instead of tea, *petits soupers* are given, and a bottle of wine is drunk till they are ready. The principal amusement consists of dancing. As these places are chiefly frequented by the *Bourgeoisie* of Paris, they are resorted to by the greatest numbers on Sundays, as publick dancing, as well as plays and operas, are allowed on that day. This being Easter Sunday, they were not only very crowded, but much more brilliant than usual, on account of the variety of new clothes constantly exhibited on this day.

LES TAPAGEURS.

THESE are a species of animals, who, from a principle of false honour, and still more ridiculous vanity, fancy they are authorized to disturb the repose and merriment of the citizens of Paris. They generally consist of Mousquetaires and Pages. Being trained from their infancy to the

sword, by the time they attain manhood, they are generally proficient in fencing; and upon this superiority in arms, they build their title to insolence and impertinence.

A *Guinguette*, especially on Sunday, is the certain mart of their abilities: here they display their false wit and false courage, and frequently pass them off for genuine: however, the counterfeits are sometimes detected, and severely punished.

Having, with my friend, taken a seat in the most retired corner of the room, that we might be unobserved spectators of what passed, a couple of *Tapageurs* presently entered; and having taken a view of the company, they fixed upon a young Jeweller, who was with his *Sweet-heart*, for the object of their present ridicule.

The young fellow was dressed very genteelly, with a sword, and carried no marks of plebeianism about him. But they knew he was a mechanick; and it is a rule with the *Tapageurs*, to chastise all such, as they call them, when they find them either in dress or company out of their sphere. The young woman was very hand-

some, and, by the modesty which was depicted in her countenance, was entitled to respect even from the most abandoned. But the *Tapageurs* consider decency and decorum as vices which a Page or Mousquetaire should never be guilty of, and therefore carefully avoid committing them.

One of these heroes went up to the table where the Jeweller and his mistress were sitting, drinking a glass of wine; and, asking him if his wine was good, without invitation helped himself to a glass: he then pronounced it excellent; and thus continued to serve first his companion; and afterwards himself, till the bottle was emptied.

The young Jeweller bore all these insults with great good temper; and calling for another bottle, told them, he was very proud of the honour of their company; and that, if they could not afford to pay, they were even very welcome to another, or two, at his expense.

*"Comment, Monsieur le Jouailler, comp-
tez-vous que vous n'êtes pas connu — —
Allez balayer votre boutique, et laissez
votre épée chez vous."*

"What, Mr. Jeweller, do you think you are not known?—Go and sweep your shop, and leave your sword at home."

"*Je le ferai bien,*" replied the Jeweller, "*après que je vous aurai corrigé pour votre insolence.*"

"That I will readily do, after I have corrected you for your insolence."

They now retired, whilst the Jeweller's mistress fainted away; however, by the help of some hartshorn and water, she recovered herself, just as her lover returned victorious.

The Mousquetaire, vain-gloriously trifling with the Jeweller, whom he judged much inferior in skill, happening to stumble over a stone, was wounded through the body. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who was very doubtful concerning the wound. He was, however, put to bed, and all possible care taken of him.

OF THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE.

NATURE is so impartial in the distribution of her gifts to mankind, that she

neither overburdens some individuals with her favours, nor overwhelms others with misfortunes; but, by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reason to be elated, nor any to despair. For example; to These she gives great riches with an unquiet mind; to Those, a great share of adversity, with much insensibility. If the first with their wealth possessed the indifference of the needy, they would certainly be too happy; whilst the latter, if they united mental uneasiness with their ill fortune, would, doubtless, be highly deserving of pity.

If, then, we weigh the wealth of the one with the indifference of the other—the uneasiness of the former with the misfortunes of the latter—we shall find the balance to be nearly equal. The poor man, insensible of the evils of life, despises the miser, who, whilst he amasses wealth, is miserable at the apprehensions of losing it.

Nor is this observation confined solely to wealth and poverty. Beauty and deformity have each their consolations. The handsome woman looks with contempt

on the ill-shapen female, who, in turn, despises the beautiful idiot, formed only to be gazed upon. The swordsman considers courage and skill in arms as the greatest accomplishments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank entitles him to adulation from the merchant and mechanick; whilst these, on the contrary, maintain industry and trade to be more important objects than the *etiquette* of courts, or the glory of a campaign. Thus, in every station of life, there is a consolation and solace to be found: and, indeed, no rank is contemptible in itself, whilst the person who fills it, acts in character.

THE APPLICATION.

HAD the mousquetaire considered this with attention, he certainly might have saved a life which was thrown away for — *nothing!* A life, that might have been of service to his country, an honour to his family, and a blessing to his friends; but which was now a disgrace to all.

May this *Tapageur* be hung up in ter-

rorem, as a *memento* of the folly and vanity of a species of beings, who, it is to be hoped, will soon be exterminated from the earth. Such is the earnest prayer of Yorick!

THE OCCASION.

THE misfortunes which befel the unfortunate Mademoiselle Laborde, from her omission of having asked me for the letter to her mistress, struck me so forcibly upon my return from the *Guinguette*, that I resolved to wait upon that lady the next day with it, and endeavour, by what little eloquence I possessed, to induce her to take her *fille de chambre* once more under her protection.

Whilst I was ruminating upon the most effectual plan of operations, I accidentally strolled into the Tuilleries, and, being somewhat fatigued, seated myself next a lady, who proving very communicative, we presently fell into general conversation, and from general descended to particular: so that, without any kind of seeming impropriety, I asked her if

She knew Madame Rambouillet. —
 “Madame Rambouillet! (she repeated)
“C’est moi-même.”
 “Good Heaven, said I, what an accident! You are the very lady I proposed waiting upon to-morrow morning, with a letter I have been so neglectful as to keep these two months in my pocket.”

“Vous êtes Mr. Yorick, donc? — Et comment est-il arrivé que vous n’êtes pas venu me voir?”

Saying this, she rose up, and seizing me by the arm, led me to her coach. I was now preparing to take my leave, but she said with a very imperative tone—
“Il faut souper avec moi.”

THE TUILLERIES.

I SUSPECTED Madame Rambouillet’s sudden and abrupt departure from the Gardens was occasioned by a spectacle, or rather a pair of spectacles, which, in a less polished sphere of action, would have been exploded, as erring against all the rules of decent opticks.

On the left-hand walk from the Louvre is a range of shrubbery that runs parallel to the wall, at about six feet distance, and which in summer, when the leaves are fully expanded, forms a kind of retreat; behind which, obscenities of any species may be committed, unobserved by the company in the Gardens; but in winter and spring, every thing performed behind this shrubbery is as much exposed as if done in any other part of the Tuilleries.

Having ascertained the topography of this retreat, I shall now point out its uses.

There are two Goddesses, whose numerous votaries consider it as the highest insult to these Divinities to expose the devotions they pay to them; the most recluse retreats, therefore, are constantly chosen for these oblations. But, by a strange effect of French vivacity, the Parisians forget the seasons of the year; and this being the end of March, there was not a single leaf yet disclosed, to conceal the rites which two devotees of one Goddess were at this time performing.

THE MISTAKE.

ALTHOUGH I had supposed this exhibition had shocked the delicacy of Madame Rambouillet so much as to render any longer stay in the Gardens impracticable, I was afterwards thoroughly convinced that French *politesse* does not extend to such niceties. Her hurry was occasioned by her impatience to ask me a hundred questions, without giving me time to answer one, tho' fully satisfied with my replies. She accordingly took her leave of Madame de la Garde at the Great Gate, telling her she should drink chocolate with her to-morrow—and adding, "*J'ai quelques affaires avec ce Monsieur.*" "*—Vous m'excuserez.*"

THE ATTEMPT.

WHEN I imagined Madame Rambouillet's curiosity had been pretty well gratified, I thought it was a favourable opportunity to plead for Mademoiselle Laborde.

"Pray, Madam, had not you a chambermaid whom you sent to my apartments for the letter which I have now delivered? — Does she live with you still?"

"Ah! la coquine! Elle a fait bien des faux pas: non, Monsieur, elle est sur le pavé même."

"Oh, the hussy! she has made many slips; no, Sir, she even walks the streets."

This does not look like a reconciliation; I must change my battery.

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear it. I hope she is not irreclaimable — — How came you to part with her?"

"Je crains, Monsieur, que vous n'ayiez eu un peu de part."

"I fear, Sir, you had some share in it."

"Then, Madam, pray let me plead for her. Restore her to your favour; forget her past errors; and I will be bound for her future good behaviour. I have heard her story; and she is to be pitied."

Finding I had made some impression upon Madame Rambouillet in her favour, I told her story to the best advantage. She was greatly surprised at the turpitude of

her milliner; and in her passion, though a paragon of decency, could not refrain from uttering,

"Ah, la vilaine Bou-gresse!"

Now was my time: her passions were set on float; her pity began to move; and, if her compassion were once under sail, I hoped I should quickly bring her to anchor in the harbour of Forgiveness. The port was in view, and a favourable gale sprung up.

THE PENITENT.

IT is certainly true, there is more joy on earth, as well as in Heaven, at bringing back one strayed sheep, than keeping in order the rest of the fold.

Madame Rambouillet agreed to restore Miss Laborde to her favour, on condition she would unfold all the misdeeds of her milliner, and depose them before a *Commissaire*, that she might be dealt with according to law. This she was easily prevailed upon to perform; and Madame la Roche's house was the next day beset by the *Archers*.

THE BICÊTRE.

A Deposition upon oath, of a woman's carrying on the profession of a procuress, is sufficient to entitle her to a place in the *Bicêtre*. In consequence, therefore, of Mademoiselle Laborde's declaration, Madame la Roche, and three of her pupils, were conducted thither, where I shall leave them to their own reflections, and the *Police*.

CUL DE SAC DE L'ORATOIRE.

I BEG leave, in this place, to correct a mistake which slipped into the first volume of my Sentimental Journey (page 112,) as it relates to a matter of chronology and geography; in which a Traveller and particularly a Sentimental one, ought to be verry correct. The passage is this:

"Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town. Of all women, Madame de

"Rambouillet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart. In our return back, Madame de Rambouillet desired me to pull the cord: I asked her if she wanted any thing? *Rien que piffer*, said Madame de Rambouillet."

The fact is certain, and therefore remains in its full force; but the time when, and the place where, require some amendment.

It was only one week after I first met her in the Tuilleries; and the circumstance happened in the *Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*.

This will also rectify the anachronism of my first acquaintance with Madame de Rambouillet, which should not have been placed till after my return from the South of France.

THE PET EN L'AIR.

THE *Pet en l'Air* is once more a fashionable dress among the English Ladies, and therefore requires no definition: its etymology will be set forth in this chapter.

Madame Pompadour riding through *le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*, the first day she wore this dress, (which was invented by her, and had not yet been christened), in company with Mademoiselle La Tour, one of her waiting-maids, or rather servile companions, by some accident gave vent to some confined air, according to Hudibras, the natural way. The ludicrousness of the accident, occasioned her to burst into a loud laugh, and exclaim, "That shall be the name of my new dress;" and, from that time, a short sack and petticoat were called a *Pet en l'Air*.

A similarity of circumstances produces a similarity of sentiments. When Madame de Rambouillet alighted to *rien que piffer*, she was better than her word; and, upon resuming her seat, with a laugh, said, "*C'est un Pet pas en l'air, mais dans le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire.*"

Such critical justness, in so light a conceit, must certainly set her judgment in the most favourable point of light; and though the thought might be originally Madame de Pompadour's, this lady's im-

provement upon it is at least equal to the primitive sentiment.

Three learned doctors of the Sorbonne, being informed of the event, pronounced this sentence.

THE CONCATENATION.

I DARE say the reader was not a little disappointed, upon Mademoiselle Laborde's resuming her story, to find that the concatenation was entirely destroyed, and that no mention was made of her lover the *Perruquier*, who had proposed a connubial connexion in the most honourable and serious way, and who was so well situated in business, and so agreeable a man, that he seemed every way qualified to render the marriage-state completely happy.

To own the truth, I did perceive a kind of chasm in this part of her narration; but being unwilling to interrupt her, I let her proceed her own way.

"Pray, Mademoiselle," said I, as we were sitting together at Madame Rambouillet's during her absence. "*à propos*,"

(though, by-the-bye, it was no more *à propos* than any one thing the most foreign in the world, that might have been lugged in head and shoulders). "*à propos*, Miss Laborde, you never told me what became of your lover the *Perruquier*?"

"Good Heavens! no more I did; I quite forgot him. I was so taken up with the Italian Count and Lord Spindle, he never once entered my head. — Poor man! Heigh-ho!"

"What makes you sigh and call him poor man? I thought he was in very good circumstances."

"Yes, his circumstances were very well, for the matter of that; but he was very imprudent. He was twice cited to appear before the company of Barber-Surgeons, and mulcted for not being licensed; and yet he was so indiscreet as to set them at defiance, and the third time was committed to prison, where I believe he still remains."

"What, could not the dutchess his patroness relieve him?"

"She did not chuse to appear in such an affair publicly. — Besides, I believe,

"by this time, she had pretty well forgot
 "him and his services. An Irish colonel
 "had for some time supplied his place so
 "effectually, that there were some hopes
 "of an heir to that noble family, after
 "her Grace had been married eleven years
 "without issue."

"And so the poor fellow is to rot in
 "jail, because the Irish colonel has so ef-
 "fectually served this noble family! For-
 "bid it, Justice! Forbid it, Mercy!"

THE INTERCESSION.

THE next morning, having intelligence of the place of confinement of Le Sieur Tournelle, I wrote to the master of the company of Barber-Surgeons, proposing to pay all the expenses attending his imprisonment, and to find sureties for his never trespassing again. In this letter I mentioned the Count de B—'s name; to whom I also communicated the affair; and received a very polite answer, in which I was informed, Tournelle's confinement was more owing to his obstinacy, in not submitting to the concessions prescribed

him, than to any incapacity of paying the fees, or taking out a license.

I now waited upon Tournelle, whom I found in very good spirits, relying upon the dutchess's protection, upon her return from the country, where he had been informed she had resided for some time past. I had some difficulty at first to convince him of his error in this respect: but when I mentioned to him the Irish colonel, who had been one of his customers, and the other circumstances attending his connexions with the dutchess; and added, that, to my certain knowledge, she had not been a night absent from Paris these two months, he lowered his tone, and very submissively entreated my intercession.

I then told him the terms upon which I would obtain his liberty, and reimburse all the expenses which this affair had occasioned.

This was his marriage with Mademoiselle Laborde. To this he readily consented, saying, she was the only woman he had ever really loved; and that I could not propose to him a more agreeable match; as he certainly should have married her

before this time, if he had not been prevented by his confinement.

DOUBTS.

CASUISTS and Theologians will, perhaps, oppose their doctrines to my conduct, and pronounce the part I took in Tournelle's behalf rather Jesuitical. — I had my doubts.

Whether this man may not be happily united to a woman, who, though she has been guilty of errors, is conscious of them, and seems perfectly penitent?

Or,

Whether, by informing him of the real state of her conduct, I may not make him miserable, and prevent an union which might make them both contented?

All her publick errors had been committed, whilst he was estranged from the world: and ignorance, in this respect, was to him virtue on her behalf; — but then the powers of Malice —

On Eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die.

THE RESOLUTION.

I ACQUAINTED Madame de Rambouillet with all the steps I had taken, and consulted with her which was the most eligible way of proceeding. She said she would send for him to dress her; and whilst she was under the operation, she would introduce a conversation, wherein a similar character to Mademoiselle Laborde's should be presented to his opinion; and, if he thought such a woman a proper candidate for matrimony, no intelligence he might afterwards receive from the slanderous world could affect his peace.

THE OPERATION.

HAIR-DRESSING is now so prevalent all over Europe, and even America, (for many an *honest Perruquier* has made a voyage to that quarter of the globe), that it does not seem in the least ridiculous for a man, much less a lady, to sit a couple of hours to have their heads tortured with hot irons. Christian charity upon

this occasion dictates a prayer, in behalf of the inhabitants of the pole — for burning is a horrid death.

Two hours are nothing. I am absolutely too modest. A French lady would be ashamed to retire from her toilet in three. This surely then was a sufficient period to discuss the matters in point — — Madame de Rambouillet's head and Mademoiselle Laborde's — character.

THE CONVERSATION.

Madame de Rambouillet.

IS it possible, then, you could admire a woman after she had been guilty of a *faux pas* with another man?

Tournelle. That, Madame, would depend entirely on circumstances.

Madame. What circumstances are those?

Tour. First, Whether she had given him the preference by choice; whether she was compelled; or whether Necessity had driven her to the deed.

Madame. So then, in either of these cases, you could forgive a woman whom you had once loved?

Tour. Provided her future conduct strongly testified, that her sentiments were not contaminated; and that her past behaviour would serve her as a beacon to avoid those shoals which so many females split upon.

Madame. What, then, you could forgive her having had a variety of lovers, if you was satisfied that Necessity had compelled her, and that she was perfectly reclaimed?

Tour. The number, Madame, I think of no consequence in this case: the sentiment and present disposition are the chief objects.

Madame. And could you think of marrying a woman under such circumstances?

Tour. If I had ever loved her well enough to have wedded her, I suppose I should be blind enough to her past failings; and, perhaps, vain enough to think that her future husband might reform her into an excellent wife.

Madame. I approve of your good sense; and, if half the Parisian husbands had reasoned with as much justice towards their wives, I believe there would not be half

the number of cuckolds or cuckold-makers. — Bless me! you have burnt off a curl, a capital curl! What must be done?

Tour. Que Diable! This comes of marriage. — But I can soon rectify the deficiency of the *outside* of a lady's head, be it ever so great. — I will run immediately for my last new-invented *tête*; which, I am sure, Madame, you will approve of.

Madame. "Ah! Monsieur Tournelle, "il n'y a pas moyen."

Tour. "N'ayez pas peur — je retournerai dans l'instant."

THE MARRIAGE.

I WOULD not have the reader, let him be ever so superstitious, imagine that this accident was any way ominous: for I can assure him, that to this hour I do not know any one thing which has occurred, that could in any respect be supposed portended by it. As to the marriage, it took place very shortly; I gave away Mademoiselle Laborde, now Madame Tournelle: and there is not a better wife in

all *la Rue St. Honorée*, or even *Rendommée*.

What can I say more?

She is pregnant. And, if I am at Paris at the time of the christening, I am to stand godfather; if not, I shall be sponsor by proxy.

N. B. Mr. Tournelle strenuously objected to the clerical claims of *cuisse* and *jambage*.—But he did not reside in *la Rue Tireboudin*.

M Y S E L F.

HAVING thus cleanly, honestly, morally, and *almost* virtuously, got Mademoiselle Laborde off my hands, I have nobody now to mind but myself.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I should pay some attention to Madame de Rambouillet, the Count de B—, the Marchande de Gands d'amour, the Marquis de B****, Monsieur P—, the Farmer General, Madame de G—, Madame de V—, Monsieur D—, the Abbé M—, the Count de Fainéant,

and all the rest of my Parisian acquaintance. To this I say, *No*.

Myself—is what I have not for some months looked into—With this Being I must now converse; leaving the frivolity of *petits-maitres* to be gratified with all their unsubstantial enjoyments—their ideal pleasures.

How stands the great account between me and reason? Some hath been paid, but much more still is due.—A long, long reckoning.—Alas! when shall I strike a balance?

Oh, my Eugenius! when we reflect upon the quick transition of Time, the ridiculous goals of so great a part of the course of life, its short duration, the phantoms we pursue, the shadows that we grasp, I blush to take a view of myself; and would procrastinate a scrutiny which harrows me at reflection.

VANITY, FOLLY.

How magnificent are your altars! How numerous your votaries! How great your sacrifices!

THE VISIT.

WHEN I had got thus far in this moral selfdisquisition, I heard a carriage stop at the door, and looking from the window, perceived the Count de B— inquiring for Monsieur Yorick, or Monsieur Sterne. He saw me at the window, and instantly alighted.

He came up stairs, with much seeming satisfaction in his countenance upon finding me at home; he said he had had some difficulty in discovering my place of abode; that nobody knew Monsieur Yorick; and that, had he not luckily met with the celebrated Mr. W—es upon the Pont Neuf, he should never have thought of inquiring for Monsieur Sterne; but that Mr. W—es explained to him the enigma, and that he had ordered his bookseller to bind him immediately, in elegant binding, the volumes of Trifram Shandy, together with his Sermons.

Such a compliment naturally excited me to pay an oblique one to his philanthropy and great erudition, which, how-

ever, was soon melted down into politics. Mr. W——es, his partisans and opponents, furnished us with matter of conversation for near an hour; in which the Count displayed great judgment, and a very extensive knowledge of the constitution, laws, and customs of England; and appeared perfectly well acquainted with all the celebrated political characters of the age.

“But, after all, said the Count, this is
“not the subject of my visit. Monsieur de
“L——, with the assistance of the Abbé
“T——, has made very free with the
“Marquis de M——, in a pamphlet hand-
“ed about. Now, continued he, I have
“written an answer to it, in which I have
“the vanity to think I have fairly retort-
“ed the argument, as well as the raille-
“ry upon him; and I wanted to consult
“with you upon a proper device by way
“of frontispiece.”

“My conceit is an elephant learning to
“dance upon the slackrope, being taught
“by a monkey.”

THE OBJECTION,

“MONSIEUR Le Comte, said I, since
“you do me the honour to consult me
“upon the occasion, I hope you will not
“be offended at my speaking without re-
“serve.”

“By no means,” replied he.

“Why, Monsieur le Comte, the thought
“is good; but, *pardonnez-moi*, it is not
“new.”

“Not new!—Where is it to be met
“with?”

*An ANECDOTE of the late DUT-
CHESS of MARLBOROUGH.*

“LORD Grimstone, when at school,
“about the age of thirteen, wrote a co-
“medy called, *The Lawyer's Fortune*.
“This production was so far from pos-
“sessing any dramatick merit, that it con-
“tained scarce any thing but palpable in-
“consistencies; however, when the very
“juvenile years of its author are confi-
“dered, and that the publication of it

“was probably owing to the partiality
“of parents in the gratification of a child-
“ish vanity; and when it is also confi-
“dered, that at a mature time of life,
“the author himself, upon a review of
“it, becoming sensible of its imperfec-
“tions, took every possible means to call
“in the impression, and, if possible, pre-
“vent so indifferent a performance stand-
“ing forth in evidence against even his
“childish talents; such an error seemed,
“to all impartial people, sufficiently apo-
“logized for: and, indeed, the severer
“criticks are less to be blamed than a
“certain lady, who called it forth from
“obscurity. This was the late Sarah Dut-
“chess of Marlborough, who, in the
“course of an opposition which she thought
“proper to make to this gentleman, in
“an election for members of parliament,
“where he stood a candidate, caused a
“large impression of this play to be print-
“ed at her own expense, and to be di-
“stributed among the electors; with a
“frontispiece, conveying a reflection on
“his Lordship’s understanding. The device
“was, *an elephant dancing on a slack*

"*rope*. This gentleman, nevertheless, carried his election, in despite of this attempt to make him ridiculous in the eyes of his constituents."

THE MONKEY.

"*FORT bien, Monsieur, mais où est le singe?*"

"Very well, Sir, but where is the monkey?"

"Oh! I give up the monkey, Monsieur le Comte, though there was something very like one in the back ground."

CONVICTION.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to convince a Frenchman of a mistake, especially when his wit or judgment seems to be called in question; so that, though the Count de B—— was a very accomplished gentleman, still he had so much of the Frenchman in him, that I saw him redden, as soon as I mentioned the old dutchess's allegorical frontispiece; and I could find he would willingly have pur-

chased all the dispersed copies of the *Lawyer's Fortune*, at a higher price than Lord Grimstone, to have secured to himself the merit of novelty.

POLITESSE.

HOWEVER, the Count preserved every possible external mark of *politesse*; and seemed pleased with a hint I gave him to improve his plate: he insisted upon my eating soup with him the very next day, but added, "*Vous me ferez un plaisir très-singulier, de ne mentionner à personne l'idée que vous m'avez donnée à l'égard de cette planche.*"

"You will, said he, confer a singular pleasure on me, if you mention to no one the hint you gave me concerning this plate."

I promised him I would not.

For this reason I suppressed it here; though perhaps I might thereby lay claim to some Hogarthian merit — and it might have served as a very proper frontispiece to these four volumes of *Sentimental Travels*.

But Yorick's word is no jest.

CURIOSITY.

CURIOSITY has been the source of human misery. What a price did Eve pay for it? What a price is every day paid for it by the human race? It may be divided into two classes; The first is, the desire of being acquainted with past times, by the means of history, of discovering the secrets of Nature, fathoming the depths of science, and such like laudable pursuits. This class of curiosity cannot be too strenuously and constantly preserved and excited; as, by an acquaintance with the past, we learn how to behave upon occasions that offer; for, as Cicero says, "*nescire quod antequam natus esses actum est, id semper esse puerum.*"

The second class of curiosity, is an inquisitiveness after the business and pursuits of other people; and it is this kind of curiosity which must always be condemned.

The ancient inhabitants of Crete enacted laws, whereby they were forbidden, on pain of being publicly whipt, ever

to inquire of a foreigner who he was, from whence he came, or what was his business; and those who answered such questions, were deprived of the use of fire and water. The reason they assigned for enacting this law, was, that men, by not interfering with the business of others, might the better attend to their own.

Good Heaven! if such a law were in force in Europe, and particularly in Paris, which is the centre of curiosity, how much more would the curiosity of the Parisians be excited by the displaying of those charms, which, indeed, the ladies do not take much pains to hide, but which they would be greatly mortified to have thus publicly exposed and castigated! Not that they would be destitute of male-companions in these perambulations; for I believe the *petits-maitres* in this city are the greatest gossips on earth.

These curious impertinents seem to have no ideas of their own, or which they have borrowed from books; all their knowledge may be said to consist in their neighbours actions; and whilst they repeat what they have learnt, by way of cen-

sure, forget the ridiculous and infamous character they then appear in. HT

Plutarch and Pliny have both written encomiums upon Marcus Pontius, a Roman, who never had the curiosity to inquire about what passed at Rome, nor in the houses of his nearest neighbours. But this is a singular example, which will never be imitated, whilst politicks and news of every species, seem to engross the whole attention of mankind.

THE CRITICISM.

I AM aware that the Snarlers will immediately be let loose upon me. — “So, “Mr. Yorick, you would suppress all curiosity, all thirst of knowledge, except “what may immediately come under the “head of science. — Who the p—x then “would read your works?”

Answer — There would then be nothing else read, as they contain the essence of learning, the depth of science, and the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

THE APPLICATION.

I SHALL now set forth my reasons for having such an objection to Parisian curiosity in particular.

On the same floor with me dwelt a man, who had the appearance of an officer; he was at the gate when the Count de B. inquired for me by two different names. They were both foreign to his ear and his understanding, and this was sufficient to excite his curiosity. He popped his head into every Coffee-house in Paris, to gain intelligence concerning me: what he there learned respecting me, he added to his former enigmatical account, in order, as poisons expel poisons, to extract more venom out of my character.

In every Coffee-house in Paris is posted a political lion, or court-spy, who reports every thing that falls within his observation, which he thinks will please the ministry, or lead to any discoveries. My name being thus handed about, there was no less than thirty-two different accounts concerning me, the next morning,

upon the Duke de C—'s bureau, all concluding that I was a dangerous person.

I that day paid a visit to the Count de B—, with whom I also dined. During my absence, my lodgings were searched, all my papers seized, and a *lettre de cachet* was waiting for me at my return.

PROVIDENCE.

DARK and intricate are the ways of Providence! — Short-sighted mortals, it were not fitting you should pry into futurity; or could ye, the knowledge of events hereafter, so far from accelerating your happiness, would but increase your misery.

With what spirits did I dress, to wait upon the Count! With what an air of cheerfulness and satisfaction did I step into the coach, and order the *Cocher* to drive to his Hotel! Little did I think, at that very moment, the hand of the minister was subscribing to my fate.

The Count de B— met me with the greatest politeness; and told me, as a secret, that the Duke de G— had highly

applauded my conceit. "He is to dine here." — Scarce had he uttered these words, before the minister appeared. The Count introduced me to the Duke; but I perceived a reserve and coyness in his address, which I had never before observed in a Frenchman.

They retired for some time. The Count returned and asked me several questions, which I answered with my usual frankness. They were out of the common road; but I thought he was entitled to an explanation.

In about a quarter of an hour, the Duke returned with the Count; when there was a serenity and openness in the minister's countenance, to which it had been quite estranged before. The company increased, when the conversation was general, sprightly, and agreeable.

MY RETURN.

NO sooner had my coach stopped at the gate, than my host came running out to tell me, if I was not inclined to lie in the *Bastille*, to drive away as fast as I

could. Surprised at this intimation, I desired him to get into the coach, and we drove round several streets; when he informed me of all that had happened.

"Good G—d! is this possible! — when
"I dined this very day with the Duke
"de C—l, and have not left him half an
"hour! — Ah! the mystery is explained:
"—it is certain that an honest man could
"not be guilty of such dissimulation; —
"and I will lie to-night in my old lodg-
"ings."

*"Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne retournez
"pas."*

"What have I to fear? I trust in the
"justness and the uprightness of my in-
"tentions."

Saying this, I returned to my hotel, where, when I had alighted, I found all my papers sent back, with this short note from the Count.

*"Vous avez des ennemis; mais n'ayez
"pas peur. — — — on voit que vous êtes
"honnête homme."*

"You have enemies; but be not afraid:
"—it is perceived that you are an
"honest man."

A FAREWEL TO PARIS.

HAD not this last proceeding given me much disgust to living under a government where neither a man's person or property are safe, let him be ever so innocent; and where, had it not been for a mere accident, I might have languished out the remainder of my days in a loathsome dungeon; I say, Eugenius, had not this consideration prevailed, the letter which I received from thee, wherein the cause of protracting your journey, your severe illness, was so strongly depicted, would not have let me remain one day longer in the paradise of coquets, the elysium of *petits-maitres*, and the centre of frivolity.

I packed up my little baggage, wrote a complimentary letter to the Count de B—, another to Madame de Rambouillet, and set out that very evening for Calais.

THE POST-CHAISE.

I HAD no sooner got into my Post-Chaise, than I began to consider the advantages of my present journey, the plan I had proposed, and how far I had compassed it.

"They order this matter better in France."

This assertion produced my voyage. — I was piqued to have it doubted, whether I was authorized to make it, and was resolved to be convinced by ocular demonstration.

The reader's curiosity has, I dare say, though an Englishman, been upon the tenterhooks of impatience, all this while, to know what this matter was, and whether it really was ordered better in France.

It is time he should be satisfied.

The subject in debate, was, the inconvenience of drinking healths whilst at meal, and toasts afterwards; and I carelessly said, upon what I thought good information, "They order this matter better in France."

"HEALTHS ARE ABOLISHED,
 "AND TOASTS NEVER WERE AD-
 "OPTED."

So far I was right: so far I have com-
 passed the design of my voyage.

But, whether this was *tant mieux*, or
tant pis, notwithstanding my thorough
 knowledge, at present in the precise mean-
 ing of these two expressions in the French
 dialect, I shall leave the reader to deter-
 mine.

CHANTILLY.

BY the time I had run over these ob-
 servations and reflections, we (that is,
 the two horses, first, the postillion and
 myself, for I had no other companions),
 had got to this delightful retreat of the
 Prince of Condé.

This *château* is considered by connois-
 seurs in architecture to be one of the most
 perfect structures of the kind. The apart-
 ments are sumptuous, and can be surpass-
 ed by nothing but the furniture. The gar-
 dens are finely laid out, and very hap-
 pily disposed. Upon the whole, this is

one of the most elegant and convenient spots in all France, as well from its vicinity to the capital, as from its being so agreeably intersected with water.

We did not change horses here; but my curiosity, from the accounts I had heard of this seat, induced me to stop and take a survey of it, a circumstance I lamented having omitted in my way to Paris; and the gratification I received, amply repaid the small expense it occasioned me.

A M I E N S.

NOTHING very material occurred to me till we arrived at this city; "nor did ~~any~~ thing very important happen then," the reader will probably pronounce.

I arrived here about one o'clock, and finding a keen appetite strongly prompt me to inquire after dinner, I asked my host what he could speedily provide me.

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Every thing you please."

A very comprehensive bill of fare.

"But what have you got in the house?"

"*Tout ce que vous voulez!*"

"Have you any partridges?"

"Non."

"Any woodcocks?"

"Non."

"Any ducks?"

"Non."

"Any pullets?"

"Non, Monsieur, qui sont propres à manger."

"No, Sir, none that are fit for eating."

"Then you may as well not have them for a man who is riding post."

"Any fish?"

"Point du tout aujourd'hui!"

"None to-day."

"What the p—x then does everything consist of?"

"Des côtelettes de mouton à la Maintenon."

"Mutton-chops with Maintenon sauce."

"In the name of Famine, let's have them, good Mr. Boniface."

The conceit was lost upon him, for two reasons; first, he did not understand English; and secondly, if he had, without

knowing the character in the play, he never could have conceived, that his meagre carcase could convey the least idea of such a name.

THE HUE AND CRY.

IT is a dangerous thing for a man, especially an Englishman, to set his mind upon a good meal, when he travels in France. If he can put up with an omelette, soup-meagre, or a fricassee of frogs, which are in great plenty, he need entertain no apprehensions of starving: but if his ideas should be engrossed with a buttock or a sir-loin of beef, alas! alas! how great would be his disappointment, from his first setting foot at Calais, till he was ready to reembark at Marseilles?

My disappointment was still greater; for, though I had reduced all my pretensions to eating a couple of mutton-chops, after having raised my imagination to whatever I could think of, still these very chops were not to be found. A scrap of mutton, of about two pounds, on which my land-

lord had built all his reputation for good eating, was vanished.

"*Que diable, où est le mouton?*"

"What the d—l is become of the mutton?"

"*Et peste f—tre où est le mouton?*"

(Untranslatable.)

Every corner of the kitchen, every creek of the pantry was searched,—but no mutton was to be found.

THE DISCOVERY.

AT length, when I was upon the point of resuming my chaise, and deferring the gratification of my appetite to the next post, *Monsieur l'Hôte* had found the house-dog in possession of all our provisions, in the dust-hole: he had already gnawed one half; but as there remained a sufficient quantity for my *côtelettes de Maintenon*, I did not object to its being dressed, that the poor animal might escape the punishment with which he was so severely threatened.

ABBENVILLE.

A HUNGRY traveller, and a disappointed stomach never think the horses drive fast enough. *Dépêchez, dépêchez.*

"*Oui, Monseigneur!*" — Cric — crac — crac.

The postillions in France seem to have the exclusive privilege of cracking of whips; which they perform so very expertly, that it supplies all the use of a horn, blown by our post-boys upon their arrival at a post-house.

Cric — crac — crac.

And the horses were ready — But halt! I've not dined.

Thank Heaven for meeting with an excellent duck, and a very good bottle of Burgundy! Now I can continue my journey as fast as you will.

Suppose I were to take a nap?

"Depend upon it, Mr. Yorick, the wittings will pronounce you have been napping ever since you left Paris."

Why, then, it is but continuing, if they do not snarl too loud.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.

SURELY I have got into England without crossing the sea! How many of my country-men! What charms can this place have so peculiarly superior to all the other sea-ports in France?

This question I put to my host, who was an Irishman — “Its vicinity to England.”

Smugglers, bankrupts, and insolvents! — The streets swarm with them.

“Do they pay well?”

“At first.”

“And can you afford to give them credit afterwards?”

“No; but there are so many fresh recruits, who are fleeced by their country-men, as soon as they come over, that we can venture to trust them in a dearth of bankruptcies.”

Heavens! the needy preying upon the miserable — Or more likely —

*The delinquent and felonious traveller,
Sucking the last drops of vital blood,
From the unfortunate and innocent traveller.*

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Close the scene — Humanity cannot sustain it.

The post-chaise this instant.

CALAIS.

ONCE MORE.

WELL, Monsieur Dessein, you sold me a bargain; — but I forgive you.

“En honneur, Monsieur, j’ai refusé deux louis de plus, le même jour.”

Modest! for an innkeeper!

“When does the packet sail for England?”

“Ce soir, Monsieur.”

“Then take me a place, and let me have a couple of bottles of your best Burgundy.”

Adieu! oh France! — but, alas! alas! the Remise calls fresh to mind every circumstance that —

Heigh! ho!

I can’t explain.

Love, Love, these are thy victories! These thy trophies!

THE SEA.

THE SEA.

A DEAD, dead calm!

Mademoiselle Latouche very ill — the sea an excellent emetick.

"Pray, Mademoiselle, do not stand upon ceremony."

"Non, Monsieur, c'est ce que je ne fais jamais, dans des cas pareils."

"So I perceive—but — but"—Well, I had a narrow escape. So I will pay her no more compliments till we get on shore.

A fresh breeze brings us into harbour.

D O V E R.

EVERY traveller who ever touched here, and afterwards thought proper to blot paper, has given such descriptive ideas of this place, that I shall refer my readers to them and Shakespear for a poetical description of it.

"Sir, you may go in a post-chaise with another gentleman, as cheap as in the stage."

This my landlord informed me at the

King's Head. — "Why then, I have no
"kind of objection."

CANTERBURY.

"SIR, a shilling a mile, a very bad
"road — — nobody can afford to run a
"chaise for less, and we get nothing by
"it then."

"Why this is a most arrant imposition.
"—Mr. What's-his-name has deceived me
"—and if there be any redress in law,
"I'll have it."

"So will I," said my fellow-traveller.
— — He was a lawyer.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

WE had not travelled far from this
celebrated city, before we were attacked
by a highwayman. My fellow-traveller was
disposed to contend with him; and though
he trembled in every joint, whilst he
mustered his *imaginary* courage to his aid,
he continued talking of the poltroonery
of two travellers submitting to a single
highwayman.

In answer to this, I told him the contents of my purse were but very trifling; and that, if I could reach London, it would accomplish the full design of my present finances; that I should therefore take two guineas out of my purse, not for the robber, but for myself. "A man," continued "I, who risks his life, his future peace of mind, and perhaps, the existence of a wife and family, upon such a business, though illegal, deserves at least the compassion of those who can spare a trifle."

"'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe."

"You surprise me, Sir, to plead so strongly in favour of a highwayman. — An Old Bailey Counsel would be ashamed to go such lengths —"

"Without a fee," I replied.

By this time the highwayman had made his demand in form; and fear, enforced by the sight of a pistol, operated what pity or compassion would never have effected: — he gave up with a tremulous hand a purse which seemed to contain a considerable sum, when Charity might have preserved the far greater part, by a merciful and benevolent allowance.

"You are no Sentimental Traveller;

"Sir, I see."

"No, — (in a faltering voice) I never
"was so terrified in my life?"

"More so, I imagine, than he who ven-
"tured against so many chances, the Law,
"our Contention, our Poverty; —"

He sighed.

I pitied and despised him, and we con-
versed no more till we reached the me-
tropolis.

L O N D O N

O H! my dear Eugenius, I fly to your
arms! — let me embrace the dearest of
friends!

How happy am I to find you recover-
ed! — — Fortune hath repaid me too
abundantly!

M A N.

W H A T a strange machine is man,
framed with such nice mechanism by Na-
ture's hand, that every element impedes
his perfect motion! Now the vibration of

the heart is too much propelled by heat
 — now cold shivers every fibre. Where's
 the just medium? Tell me, philosopher,
 and I will own thy knowledge.

My spirits fail — my head swims.

To rest — to rest.

I cannot sleep — a book may per-
 haps amuse. Can it divert at this sad
 hour?

I will indulge my melancholy.

After having read Hervey's Meditations,
 I fell into a slumber, and by degrees a
 dream so strongly operated, that I thought
 I was no longer in a state of nature, but
 a kind of auditor to a dialogue that took
 place between my Soul and Body; which,
 as it made a very strong impression on me,
 I can repeat pretty correctly.

A VISION.

A DIALOGUE between my SOUL
 and my BODY.

BODY.

No! — never — never — will I submit
 to the caprices of thee, Soul! What,

yield to thee that sovereignty which I have preserved over thee for such a succession of years? After thou hast so implicitly obeyed my laws, shall I submit to thine, which forbid me the use of all that gives me pleasure, and compel me to embrace what I hold in the utmost abhorrence? This shall never be; thou shalt never have the satisfaction to find, that, at the end of my career, I adopt thy visions for rules of conduct. How!—acknowledge, tamely acknowledge my slave to be my master, and yield to thy laws, who, from thine infancy gavest up all pretensions to the enforcing of them! Ungrateful wretch! after thou hast partaken with me of the sweetest pleasures, thou wouldst at present testify thy acknowledgment, by depriving me of the enjoyments of life, in order to relieve thee from thy panicks and terrors. Is this the gratitude thou owest me, to undertake the destruction of that dwelling, in which thou hast been lodged so many years, and to acquit thy rent with tears, sighs, solitude, mortification, contempt, and, in a word, chastise me in every sensible part? No — I will oppose

thee with all my strength; and I will pursue, as usual, the gratification of my senses, in despite of thee and all thy misanthropy. But—ah! my Soul appears—and I must listen, even against my will.

S O U L.

Thou wretched mass! bag of earth! pasture of worms! itinerant sink! horrid carcass! the abode of serpents and the retreat of toads! darest thou to oppose the laws which I dictate to thee, for the short time which we shall now remain together, after having, by a fatal complaisance, allowed thee for such a length of time, all that thy infamous desires could crave? Art thou most ungrateful, or most criminal? Thou now refusest me a few tears, after having afforded thee, for such a series of years, innumerable delights. But, alas! vain and imaginary is all terrestrial felicity! Canst thou deny a few sighs, after so much joy; a useful solitude, after such a long and scandalous commerce with the world; some mortifications, after myriads of such vain delights; some little cont

tempt, after so much pride; in a word, a state of repentance, so short as will be our union, for so many years of idle or vicious gratification, and of which I must one day give an account to the Sovereign Judge?

Thou contemptible rebel! thou blind vessel of clay and dirt! thou, by thy disobedience, art as unworthy of my care, as I am of mercy, by my past inconsiderate partiality for thee. But mine eyes are now open: I perceive the absolute power I ought to have had over thee, and I will now exercise it. Wherefore, no longer oppose my mandates; and henceforward expect nothing from me in this world but affliction. I command thee to submit with patience, as thou canst not, from thy nature, do it with pleasure, to the keenest anguish of this life. By thy present tears, I will endeavour to purge away the soul stains of thy past actions—Thy present humility may obliterate the remembrance of thy former vanity.—Have not thy works tended to the corruption of the age? to the depravity of the morals of the rising generation? — — What recompence canst

thou offer?—Not thy religious discourses: they are but a small counterpoise, and read but by few.

A W A K E.

HERE a noise in the street awoke me, and I was glad to find this was only a vision: it however operated so strongly upon my mind, that, added to my present weakness, I was scarce able to support the remembrance of it.

I saw, but too clearly saw, the justness of the reasoning of my Soul, even in sleep. What a wretch am I! How have I misapplied those talents that Nature destined for superior uses!—Vile dauber of paper!

Oh my brain!—Eugenius! my brain!

The grim Tyrant now in earnest seizes me so violently by the throat, that my friend Eugenius can scarce hear me cry across the table!

THE CATASTROPHE.

HE's gone! for ever gone!*

Poor Yorick! he was a fellow of infi-

nite jest! of most excellent fancy! Where be your gibes now? — Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?—not one now—quite chop-fallen?

Alas! Alas! Alas! poor Yorick.*

This, with the spontaneous flood of friendship, your Eugenius signs.

* *Mr. Sterne died in March 1768, soon after the publication of the first two volumes of his Sentimental Journey.*

End of the Sentimental Journey.



APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

Several Pieces written by the Author

OF THE

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor has thought it both convenient and agreeable to the Reader to add here some pieces, which flowing from the same pen of the same Author, might afford some entertainment to the Publick. The first part of MARIA, which the Editor has promised (vol. II. page 205.) to reprint at the end of *The Sentimental Journey*, the Story of LE FEVER, and YORICK's Death, are truly pathetick. The political Romance or the history of a good warm Watch-coat, will likewise be very entertaining and interesting to the Reader, as being a satirical pamphlet, which we are owing to the humorous and Rabelaisian spirit of Mr. STERNE.

M A R I A.

—**T**HEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the foreglass to hear them more distinctly — — 'Tis Maria; said the postillion, observing I was listening — — Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulins — —

— — And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; said the postillion — — it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Ma-

ria deserve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them —

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the same notes — yet were ten times sweeter. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came, by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation — she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The possillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair,



all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side——she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ach, it was the moment I saw her——

—God help her! poor damsel! above an hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said, in the several parish churches and convents around, for her——but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wishfully for sometime at me, and then at her goat——and then at me——and then at her goat again; and so on, alternately——

—Well, Maria, said I softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is, that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

The STORY of LE FEVER.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, — which was about seven years before my father came into the country, — and about as many, after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had

privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe — When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard; — — The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman, — I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast, — — *I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.* — —

— — If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, — added the landlord, — I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. — — I hope in God he will still mend, continued he — we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby;

and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertainig a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

— I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and la-

ment for him night and day; — he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

— Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby. —

Trim! — said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. — Trim came in front of his master and made his bow; — my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. — Corporal! said my uncle Toby — the corporal made his bow. — My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. — — Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once

been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;——and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. — I wish I had not known so much of this affair, — added my uncle Toby, — or that I had known more of it: — How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—— I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. — Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. — I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and

then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a fraight line, as a crooked one, — he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fever and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant — Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby — — He is; said the corporal — — And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby — — I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing fraight forwards, as I learnt it. — Then Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it — “Your

"honour is good:"— And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,— and begun the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;— that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.— If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,— we can hire horses from hence.— But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;— and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of; — but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. — Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it. — I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. — I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. — The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. — Poor youth! said my uncle Toby, — he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; — I wish I had him here.

—— I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company: — What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle

Toby, blowing his nose, — but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; — and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar — (and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) — he was heartily welcome to it: — He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer, — for his heart was full — so he went up stairs with the toast; — I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again. — Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, — but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth. — I thought it was wrong, added the corporal — — I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would

step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate?—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-

morrow; detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next:—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers how and when he can. — I believe, said I, — for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army, — I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, — he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fufs and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, —for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:— —At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then) — it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim — —It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:— —In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty

is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, — it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one: — — I hope not, said the corporal — — But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, — — he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it: — — The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling — the book was laid upon the bed, — — and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. — — Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side: — If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along

with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's— but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;——possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.——Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here, Billy,—said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side,—and falling down upon his knee, took

the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon:—'Tis finish'd already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young Le Fever rose from off the bed, and saw me to bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders——But alas! said the corporal,——the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour, — — though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves — — That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner — — that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, — he left Dendermond to itself, — to be relieved or not by the French King, as the French King thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

— — That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, — and I will tell thee in what, Trim. — In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fever, — as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay, — that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself — — Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders; — — True, quoth my uncle Toby, — — thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, — but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, — — when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, — thou shouldst have offered him my house too: — — A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us, — we could tend and look to him: — Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,

—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. —

— — In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling—he might march,—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal:—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:— — An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:— — He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.— — He cannot stand it, said the corporal,— — He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby;—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?— — He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.— — A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die:— — He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to

heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in — and the RECORDING ANGEL as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

— My uncle Toby went to his bureau, — put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, — he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids, — and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, — when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, — how he had rested in the night, — what was his complaint, — where was his pain, — and what he could do to

help him:—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fever, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fever.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fe-

ver, which were waxing cold and flow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, — — rallied back, the film forlook his eyes for a moment, — he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, — then cast a look upon his boy, — — and that ligament, fine as it was, — was never broken. — —

Nature instantly ebb'd again, — — the film returned to its place, — — the pulse fluttered — — stopp'd — — went on — — throbb'd — — stopp'd again — — moved — stopp'd — — shall I go on? — — No.

— All that is necessary to be added is as follows: —

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fever in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners to his grave. —

When my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fever, and betwixt Le Fever and all mankind, — there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat and a sword; so that my uncle Toby found little or no opposition, from the world, in taking administra-

tion. The coat my uncle gave the corporal; — wear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor lieutenant — and this, — said my uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke — and this, Le Fever, I'll save for thee, 'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle Toby, hanging it upon a crook, and pointing to it, — 'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fever, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world, — and thou doest it like a man of honour, — 'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, and taught him to inscribe a regular polygon in a circle, he sent him to a publick school, where excepting Whitsuntide and Christmas, at which times the corporal was punctually dispatched for him, — he remained to the spring of the year, seventeen; when the story of the emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself

upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's sword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.—Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fever! I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me—and twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.

My uncle Toby took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up;—and having detained Le Fever a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn—he put the sword in his hand,—if thou art brave, Le Fever, said my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee,—but fortune, said he, musing a little,—fortune may—and if she does,—added my uncle Toby, come back again to me, Le Fever, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fever more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindness;—he

parted from my uncle Toby, as the best of sons from the best of fathers — both dropped tears — and as my uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand, — and bid God bless him.

Le Fever got up to the imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at Marseilles, from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword; — and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

YORICK'S DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius slept in with an intent

to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand, — — and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. — I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke, — I hope not, Yorick, said he. — — Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, — — and that was all, — — but it cut Eugenius to his heart. — Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, — — my dear lad, be comforted, — let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them; — — who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee? — Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head; for my

part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, — I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, — and that I may live to see it. — I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night cap as well as he could with his left hand; — his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius, — — I beseech thee to take a view of my head. — I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which have been so unhandfomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Pança, that should I recover, and “mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down “from heaven as thick as hail, not one “of them would fit it.” — — Yorick’s last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this; — yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone; — — and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of

lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes; — faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespear said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand, — and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door, — he then closed them, — and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy —

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity

and esteem for him; — a footway crossing the church-yard close by his grave, — not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, — and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

A
P O L I T I C A L
R O M A N C E,
ADDRESSED
To ————, Esq;
O F
Y O R K.

Including the history of a good warm
watch-coat, with which the present
possessor is not content to cover his
own shoulders, unless he can also cut
out of it a petticoat for his son.

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including the history of a good many
water-ways, with which the geological
collector is not content to leave his
own thoughts, unless he can also en-
joy one of the beauties of his land.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little piece was written by Mr. STERNE in the year 1759, but, for private reasons, was then suppressed. The recovery of this satirical performance from oblivion, as worthy of so masterly a pen, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient excuse, with all lovers of literary merit, for thus bringing it to publick view.

Late Parson,	Abp. H-RR-G.
Parson of the Parish,	Abp. H-TT-N.
John the Clerk,	Dean of York. FOUNT--
Trim,	Dr. T-PH-M.
Mark Slender,	Dr. BRAITH-T.
Lorry Slim,	LAURENCE STERNE.
William Doe,	Mr. BIRDM--E.

Village, York.

Author, Mr. LAURENCE STERNE.

*POLITICAL ROMANCE.**S I R,*

IN my last, for want of something better to write about, I told you what a world of fending and proving we have had of late, in this little village of ours, about an old cast pair of black plush breeches, which John, our parish-clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had made a promise of to one Trim, who is our sexton and dog-whipper.—To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occasions to know a good deal of the shifty behaviour of the said master Trim — and that you are astonished, nor can you for your soul conceive, how so worthless a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bargain, could become the occasion of so much racket as I have represented.

*Vol. IV.**S*

Now, though you do not say expressly you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly enough I have raised your curiosity; and therefore, from the same motive that I slightly mentioned it at all in my last letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

But before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have misled you, as the true cause of all this uproar amongst us — which does not take its rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches, but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its rise from it.—To understand which, you must know, that the first beginning of the squabble, was not betwixt John the parish-clerk and Trim the sexton, but betwixt the parson of the parish and the said master Trim, about an old watch-coat that had hung up many years in the church, which Trim had set his heart upon; and nothing would serve Trim but he must take it home, in order to have it converted into a warm under-petticoat for his wife, and a jerkin for him-

self against Winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his Reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right:—the parson was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime;—for no sooner did the distinct words — — petticoat — — poor wife — warm — Winter, strike upon his ear — but his heart warmed — and before Trim had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and soul.—But Trim, says he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for such a purpose, or, if it is, in truth, know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not—you must have a week or ten days patience till I can make some inquiries about it — and, if I

find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve Trim in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was by making some sort of recompence for a multitude of small services which Trim had occasionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way. — For all these reasons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to serve Trim in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was previously to inquire if any one had a claim to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raise a clamour in the parish. These inquiries were the things that Trim dreaded in his heart. — He knew very well, that, if the parson

should but say one word to the church-wardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and some other reasons not necessary to be told you at present, Trim was for allowing no time in this matter — but, on the contrary, doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-house — plagued the whole family to death — pressed his suit morning, noon, and night; and, to shorten my story, teased the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state of health, almost out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation on the side of master Trim, produced its natural effect on the side of the parson, and that was, a suspicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening sitting alone in his study, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's serious deliberation upon the affair, and running over Trim's behaviour throughout—he was just saying to himself — it must be so — when a sudden rap at the door put an end to his soliloquy, and,

in a few minutes, to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, had been returned by the constables in the militia list—and he had come with a groat in his hand to search the parish-register for his age. The parson bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen — then shutting the study-door, and taking down the parish-register — — who knows, says he, but I may find something here about this self-same watch-coat? He had scarce unclasped the book, in saying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the first page, pasted to the inside of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in question, in these express words—“Memorandum. The great
 “watch-coat was purchased and given
 “above two hundred years ago, by the
 “lord of the manor, to this parish-church,
 “to the sole use and behoof of the poor
 “sextons thereof, and their successors for
 “ever, to be worn by them respectively
 “in winterly cold nights, in ringing complines, passing-bells, etc. which the said

"lord of the manor had done in pity to
 "keep the poor wretches warm, and for
 "the good of his own soul, for which they
 "were directed to pray," etc. Just heaven!
 said the parson to himself, looking up-
 wards, what an escape have I had! give
 this for an under-petticoat to Trim's wife!
 I would not have consented to such a de-
 secration, to be Primate of all England—
 nay, I would not have disturbed a single
 button of it for all my tithes.

Scarce were the words out of his mouth,
 when in pops Trim with the whole sub-
 ject of the exclamation under both his
 arms—I say, under both his arms—for
 he had actually got it ript and cut out
 ready, his own jerkin under one arm,
 and the petticoat under the other, in or-
 der to carry to the taylor to be made up,
 and had just stepped in, in high spirits,
 to show the parson how cleverly it had
 held out.

There are now many good similes sub-
 sisting in the world, but which I have nei-
 ther time to recollect or look for, which
 would give you a strong conception of the
 astonishment and honest indignation which

this unexpected stroke of Trim's impudence impressed upon the parson's looks—let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair description—as well as all power of proper resentment—except this, that Trim was ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table—to go about his business, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven precisely. — Against this hour, like a wise man, the parson had sent to desire John the parish-clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a year in the township, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was such a one, of whom it might be said, that he rather did honour to his office, than that his office did honour to him—him he sends for, with the churchwardens, and one of the fidesmen, a grave, knowing old man, to be present—for, as Trim had withheld the whole truth from the parson, touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the same thing to others. Though this, I said, was wise, the trouble

of the precaution might have been spared — because the parson's character was unblemished — and he had ever been held by the world in the estimation of a man of honour and integrity. — Trim's character, on the contrary, was as well known, if not in the world, at least in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettifogging, ambidextrous fellow, who neither cared what he did or said of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I said, have made any precaution needless—but you must know, as the parson had in a manner but just got down to his living, he dreaded the consequences of the least ill impression on his first entrance among his parishioners, which would have disabled him from doing them the good he wished — so that, out of regard to his flock, more than the necessary care due to himself, he was resolved not to ly at the mercy of what resentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to.

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearsed, from first to last, by the parson, in the manner I've told you, in the hear-

ing of John the parish-clerk, and in the presence of Trim.

Trim had little to say for himself, except "that the parson had absolutely promised to befriend him and his wife, in the affair, to the utmost of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it him if he pleased."

To this the parson's reply was short, but strong, "that nothing was in his power to do but what he could do honestly—that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he should do a manifest wrong to the next sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place—that he should moreover injure the right of his own successor, who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted to; and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promising that coat, was charity to Trim, but wrong to no man—that was a reserve, he said, made in all cases of this kind: and he declared solemnly, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was so understood by Trim himself."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good sense and strong reason which accompanied all the parson said on the subject—poor Trim was driven to his last shift—and begged he might be suffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by promise, at least by servitude. — It was well known how much he was entitled to it upon these scores — “that he had black’d the parson’s shoes without count, and greazed his boots above fifty times—that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occasions—whetted the knives at all hours—caught his horse, and rubbed him down—that, for his wife, she had been ready upon all occasions to char for them; and neither he nor she, to the best of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale.” To this account of his services, he begged leave to add those of his wishes, which, he said, had been equally great. — He affirmed, and was ready, he said, to make it appear, by a number of witnesses, “he had drank his Reverence’s health a thousand times (by the by, he did not add, out of the parson’s own ale)

—that he had not only drank his health, but wished it, and never came to the house, but asked his man kindly how he did—that in particular, about half a year ago, when his Reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile to ask a cunning woman what was good to staunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches pocket. Nay, says Trim, it was not a fortnight ago, when your Reverence took that strong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a clostool—
—and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witness, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much.” Trim concluded this pathetick remonstrance, with saying, “He hoped his Reverence’s heart would not suffer him to requite so many faithful services by so unkind a return: that if it was so, as he was the first, so he hoped he should be the last example of a man of his condition so treated.”—This plan of Trim’s defence, which Trim had put himself upon, could admit of no other reply than a general smile.—Upon the whole, let me

inform you, that all that could be said *pro* and *con*, on both sides, being fairly heard, it was plain that Trim, in every part of this affair, had behaved very ill—and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the course of this debate to come out against him, namely, that he had gone and told the parson, before he had ever set foot in his parish, that John his parish-clerk—his church-wardens, and some of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of scoundrels.—Upon the upshot, Trim was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At first, Trim huff'd and bounc'd most terribly—swore he would get a warrant—that nothing would serve him but he would call a by-law, and tell the whole parish how the parson had misused him; but cooling of that, as fearing the parson might possibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught he knew, might send him to the house of correction, he lets the parson alone, and, to revenge himself, falls foul upon the clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than

you or I—rips up the promise of the old
 ——cast——pair of black—plush—breeches;
 and raises an uproar in the town about it, notwithstanding it had slept ten years—but all this, you must know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful stroke of generalship in Trim to raise a dust, and cover himself under the disgraceful chastisement he has undergone.——

If your curiosity is not yet satisfied—I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the same exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat.

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when John was appointed parish-clerk of this church, this said Trim took no small pains to get into John's good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promise out of him of a pair of breeches, which John had then by him, of black plush, not much the worse for wearing—Trim only begg'd, for God's sake, to have them bestowed upon him when John should think fit to cast them.——

Trim was one of those kind of men who

loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's, than the best plain whole thing his wife could spin him.

John, who was naturally unsuspicious, made no more difficulty of promising the breeches, than the parson had done in promising the great coat; and indeed with something less reserve—because the breeches were John's own, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to say unluckily, but should rather say most luckily, for Trim, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel about some six or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt the late parson of the parish and John the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but Trim) had put it into the parson's head, "that John's desk in the church was at the least four inches higher than it should be—that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inasmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parson's desk itself."—This hardship the parson complained of

loudly, and told John, one day after prayers, "he could bear it no longer—"and would have it altered, and brought "down as it should be." John made no other reply, but "that the desk was not "of his raising—that it was not one "hair-breadth higher than he found it—"and that as he found it, so he would "leave it.—In short, he would neither "make an encroachment, neither would "he suffer one."—The late parson might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not humility—so that John's stiffness in this point was not likely to reconcile matters.—This was Trim's harvest.

After a friendly hint to John to stand his ground, away hies Trim to make his market at the vicarage.—What passed there I will not say, intending not to be uncharitable; so shall content myself with only guessing at it, from the sudden change that appeared in Trim's dress for the better— —for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the stable, and was come forth strutting across the churchyard, clad in a good charitable cast-coat,

large hat and wig, which the parson had just given him. — Ho! ho! hollo, John, cries Trim, in an insolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl — see here, my lad, how fine I am! — The more shame for you, answered John seriously — Do you think, Trim, says he, such finery, gained by such services, becomes you, or can wear well? — Fy upon it, Trim, I could not have expected this from you, considering what friendship you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you—how many shillings and sixpences I have generously lent you in your distresses,—nay, it was but the other day that I promised you these black plush breeches I have on. — Rot your breeches, quoth Trim, (for Trim's brain was half turned with his new finery) rot your breeches, says he, I would not take them up, were they laid at my door—give them, and be d—d to you, to whom you like—I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parson's any day in the week. — John told him plainly, as his word had once passed him, he had a spirit above taking advantage of his insolence,

in giving them away to another—but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got so many favours of that kind, and was so likely to get many more for the same services, of the parson, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to some one who would be more thankful for them.

Here John mentioned Mark Slender, (who, it seems, the day before, had asked John for them), not knowing they were under promise to Trim—"Come, Trim, says he, let poor Mark have them—you know he has not a pair to his a—: besides, you see he is just of my size, and they will fit to a T; where—as if I give them to you, look ye, they are not worth much; and besides, you could not get your backside into them, if you had them, without tearing them all to pieces."—Every tittle of this was most undoubtedly true; for Trim, you must know, by foul feeding, and playing the good fellow at the parson's, was grown somewhat gross about the lower parts, *if not higher*; so that, as all John said upon the occasion was fact,

Trim, with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at last, out of mere compassion to Mark, *signs, seals, and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER, IN AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION. — All this renunciation was set forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to Mark's nakedness — but the secret was, Trim had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit-cloth, and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down — — which, by the by, could he have wheedled John a second time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loss of the breeches sevenfold.

Now, you must know, this pulpit-cloth and cushion were not in John's gift, but in the church-wardens, etc. However, as I said above, that John was a leading man in the parish, Trim knew he could help him to 'em if he would — but John had got a surfeit of him — — so when the

pulpit-cloth, etc. were taken down, they were immediately given (John having a great say in it) to William Doe, who understood very well what use to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor Mark lived to wear them but a short time, and they got into the possession of Lorry Slim, an unlucky wight, by whom they are still worn——in truth, as you will guess, they are very thin by this time.

But Lorry has a light heart, and what recommends them to him, is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that Trim, let him say what he will to the contrary, still envies the possessor of them, and, with all his pride, would be very glad to wear them after him.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietly for near ten years——and would have slept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking-bout, which, as I said, has ripped this squabble up afresh; so that it was no longer ago than last week, that Trim met and insulted John in the publick town-way before a hundred people——tax'd him with the promise of the

old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstanding Trim's solemn renunciation — twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cushion — as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship; adding very insolently, that he knew not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune.

John contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that Trim had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours, who remembered the whole affair — and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going to take his leave of Trim for ever. But hold — the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having Trim tried upon the spot.

Trim was accordingly tried, and after a full hearing, was convicted a second time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parson's. —

Trim, says one, are you not ashamed of yourself, to make all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neigh-

bours together by the ears, about an old — worn — out — pair of cast — breeches, not worth half a crown? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling, but what you have snapped up, like a greedy hound as you are?—

In the first place, are you not sexton and dog-whipper, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the washing and darning of the church linen, which brings you in thirteen shillings and four pence; and then you have six shillings and eight pence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Easter—the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a-year, you have got that too—you are the bailiff, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.

Besides all this, you have six pounds a-year, paid you quarterly, for being mole-catcher to the parish. Aye, says the luckless wight above-mentioned, (who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on), “you are not only mole-catcher,

Trim, but you catch STRAY CONIES too in the dark, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter-sessions." I maintain it, I have a licence, says Trim, blushing as red as scarlet—I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. You catch conies! says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a-laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humour, except Trim, who waddled very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity, only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none.

I am, &c. &c.

Sir, yours, etc. etc.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger, who I expected would have called upon me in his return through this village to York: so it has lain a week or ten days by me.—

I am not sorry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you, all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) Trim had met with so thorough a rebuff from John the parish-clerk, and the town-folks, who all took against him, that Trim would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since Trim sallied forth again, and having borrowed a sow-gelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance, and fight the whole battle over again — — alleged that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog, not by John the parish-clerk, for I should not, quoth Trim, have valued him a rush, single hands — — but all the town sided with him, and twelve men in buckram set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword's point for three hours together.

Besides, quoth Trim, there were two misbegotted knaves in Kendal-green, who lay all the while in ambush in John's own house, and they all sixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me altogether — a plague, says Trim, of all cowards!

Trim, repeated this story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow crack-brained, and that he actually believed what he said.

After this, Trim dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a fresh dispute about the reading-desk, which I told you had occasioned some small dispute between the *late* parson and John, some years ago. — This reading-desk, as you will observe, was but an episode wove into the main story by the by; for the main affair was “the battle of the breeches and the great coat.”

However, Trim being at last driven out of these two citadels — he has seized hold, in his retreat, of this reading-desk, with a view, as it seems, to take shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it

out obstinately enough ; and, had his cause been good, I should have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the great watch-coat, you see he did not run away ; — no, — he retreated behind the breeches, and when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading-desk. To what other hold Trim will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parson's boot ; but, as it is thought he cannot make a long stand there, others are of opinion, that Trim will once more in his life get hold of the parson's horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him ; but, as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading-desk, he will make his last retreat in such a manner, as, if possible, to gain the *close-stool*, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If Trim should make this movement, by my advice, he should be left, besides his citadel, in full possession of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep

every body a league off, and may hop by himself till he is weary. Besides, as Trim seems bent upon *purging* himself, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of speculation—Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand Trim has actually made behind the said desk: “Neighbours and townsmen all, I will be sworn before my Lord Mayor, that John and his nineteen men in *buckram* have abused me worse than a dog; for they told you that I played fast and go loose with the *late* parson and him in that old dispute of theirs about the reading-desk, and that I made matters worse between them, and not better.”

Of this charge, Trim declared he was innocent as the child that was unborn—that he would be book-sworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness and moreover insinuated, that John himself, instead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him—

Ay, Trim, says the wight in the plush breeches, but that was, Trim, the day before John found thee out. Besides, Trim, there is nothing in that; for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knowest well, that I both thanked thee myself, and moreover gave thee a good warm supper, for turning John Lund's cows and horses out of my hard corn close, which, if thou hadst not done, (as thou told'st me), I should have lost my whole crop; whereas John Lund and Thomas Patt, who are both here to testify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyself was the very man who set the gate open—and after all, it was not thee, Trim, 'twas the black-smith's poor lad who turned them out—so that a man may be thanked, and rewarded too, for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not sustain this unexpected stroke—so Trim marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn sounding, or any other ensigns of honour whatever.—Whether, after this, Trim intends to rally a second time—or whether he may

not take it into his head to claim the victory — — none but Trim himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion, upon the whole, is this, that in three several pitched battles, *Trim* has been so *trimm'd*, as never disaffrour hero was *trimmed* before. —

FINIS.



ERRATA.

<i>Page</i>	<i>Line</i>	<i>for</i>	<i>read.</i>
13	20	reclas	retals
90	last	prefession	profession
140	beforelast	slackrope	slack rope
175	4	foreglafs	fore glafs
180	10	entertainig	entertaining
201	8	ho	he

